

BOZART and Contemporary Verse

Combining JAPM and The Oracle

Founded by ERNEST HARTSOCK



JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1933

OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY, GEORGIA

ANNOUNCEMENT

President Thornwell Jacobs, of Oglethorpe University, announces that Dr. Wightman F. Melton has accepted the editorship of *BOZART and Contemporary Verse*, a magazine of verse that was founded by Ernest Hartsock, at one time a student in Dr. Melton's classes. Dr. Melton also succeeds Dr. Mary Brent Whiteside as Book Editor of the Oglethorpe Press, an institution that is rapidly becoming the chief literary expression of Georgia.

In accepting the position as editor of *BOZART and Contemporary Verse*, Dr. Melton resigns the editorship of *VERSECRAFT*, a magazine of which he is one of the founders, and which, under his leadership has, in two years, gained national reputation.

Dr. Melton is a member and vice-president for Georgia of the *Poetry Society of England*; associate member of the *Poetry Society of America*, and a member of the *Poetry Society of Georgia*. His most notable work in the field of poetry is *THE RHETORIC OF JOHN DONNE'S VERSE*, a book which Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard University, considered final authority on Donne.

Beginning with the March-April issue, *BOZART* will be enlarged and, in addition to the best poems obtainable, it will contain editorials, book reviews, and literary news.

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Founded by ERNEST HARTSOCK

THORNWELL JACOBS, JAMES E. ROUTH and ROBERT LESEUR JONES, *Editors*
Associate Editors—NATHAN HASKELL DOLE and BENJAMIN MUSSER

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THE YOUTHFUL DEAD

They must have grieved to leave the world behind—
The young and beautiful whose breath grew still
Battling with blind instinct the ruthless will
Of one dark hand. Beneath the unconfined
Sweep of the heavens, under each star-lit stone,
Their flesh must yearn to go its olden way,
Seeking the bright adventures it has known
On nights like this when shifting shadows play
Under the oaks. The ghostly blood must stir
In gentle tides to tint the lips of her
Who sought life eagerly and found it sweet;
The heart must strain to send its crimson stream
Back through the silent marble of defeat;
The mind must somehow seek its vanished dream.

Only the aged are peaceful, only the old
Whose eyes have seen the twilight follow dawn;
Their dust has kinship with the moss and mould,—
Wrapped in the peace of earth, they slumber on.
It is not so with them, the eager young,
Whose ears were stopped before the song was sung.

Think not the youthful dead forever rest
Content in their dark graves. On such a night
As instinct quickens in the quiet breast,
And young limbs stir, remembering lost delight
Under the stars. The dream of golden days
Must still live on even though the breath be still;
Something their hearts once sought down vibrant ways,
Troubles their flesh tonight beneath the hill.

—ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS

A LAST PARTING

The moon has never poured a lovelier light
across the shifting ridges of the sea;
and never have the stars more witchingly
worn the pattern of their endless rite,

Nor has a softer breeze in fragrant flight
 toucht with its wing each dreaming bud and
 tree:—
yet not for this forevermore will be
so unforgettable this Summer night!

Ah no! 'tis that the moonlight made your face
 ethereal in its maiden winsomeness;
 that your dear eyes with passionate sadness
 glowed;
That your firm hand with its unconscious grade
 moved to my lips to meet their last caress:
'tis that our mingled tears at parting flowed.

—NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

NECKTIE

Midnight: a clanking of steel doors,
 And a half strangled cry.
The corner light lost its radiance
 As the grim mob went by.

A dark night
And mischief breeding:
A hoarse voice
Pleading.

A tree: the shuffle of feet,
 And the wind moaned low.
A swish of the rope on limb.
 The mob turned to go.

Swaying body,
The wind's grieved moan.
The devil has
His own.

—EARL L. HENRY

THE WIFE OF POTIPHAR

The night was soft and blue and thick with stars
And to her open chamber came a breath
Of lotus beds in bloom. She half reclined,
Her great dark eyes uplifted to the stars,
As Joseph entered, coming at her call.
Her unencumbered hair fell in cascades
Of midnight over two white tender moons,
The white moons of her breasts; her mouth was moist
With stain of scarlet spice, a red, red flower
For crushing only; through her silver veils
Her lovely body glimmered like a swan
Emerging from a mist.

She did not stir,
Though well she knew he waited for her word.
Her eyes were on the stars and his on her,
The while a strange new ache suffused his veins
And youth spoke in him like a golden bell.
At length she turned and motioned him to come
And Joseph came and knelt before her couch.
"What is thy wish?" he asked. She slowly smiled
And answered: "Raise thine eyes! I am thy friend,
O Joseph; tell me of thyself and all
Thy life before thou camest here. Hast thou
Been lover to some maiden and been loved?"
But Joseph answered: "There is naught to tell
Save this—they sold me unto Potiphar."
"No more than this, no more? I like thee well
And can befriend thee much, O gentle Jew,
Within this household, if thou canst persuade
Thyself to open all thy heart to me."
But still he answered: "There is naught to tell."
"Then speak but this one truth, thou quiet one:
Am I as fair as women of thy race?"
And Joseph's answer trembled from his lips:
"Thou art all dreams that man hath ever dreamed
Of woman! Potiphar is blest in thee."
She marked the pulsing at his throat and how

His voice had broken on the last low word
And, laughing softly, spoke into his ear:
"What hath my lord to do with thee and me?
I love thee, love thee, Joseph, and this night
We two shall lie through sweet close-breasted hours!"

As though some gust had blown her beauty out
And she had turned a hag, young Joseph shrank.
She saw but, trusting still her smooth white flesh,
She caught his hand and held it to her throat
And whispered: "Neither sun nor moon nor star
Hath flame like mouth on mouth and breast on breast."
But Joseph shook her off and wiped his hand
Upon his sleeve. At this her smouldering lust
Poured forth in molten lava of her wrath
And loudly then she summoned Potiphar:
"My lord, my lord, thy Hebrew slave hath dared—
O Potiphar, my love, behold this wretch!"

—ADELAIDE LOVE

KNOTTED HANDS

Gnarled hands, no line of beauty there,
Dull nails, torn, broken, rimmed with dirt. The skin
Is heavy calloused, horny, scaled. A pair
Unsightly and unkempt. Yet, they have been
The bulwark of all nations—toiler's hands,
For they have wrested sustenance from soil,
Have torn from out vast wilderness all lands,
And paid the cruel fee of grimy toil.
For rest, for food and drink, for water, fire,
He fought with tooth and nail. His loved ones meant
That he must master earth to his desire.
So he grew old and gray, with shoulders bent.
The earth yields up her spoils, but she demands
Man's youth and strength, and leaves him—knotted hands.

—CLARA EDMUNDS-HEMINGWAY

SOME DAY

A day that's dreamed of in most hearts;
A longed-for day—a prayed-for day,
The thought of which lures on and on
An endless throng, both grave and gay.

How sweet is life, when hopes run high,
And nothing daunts the valiant soul
Which visions, through the mist of years,
Love, fame and fortune, at the goal.

And those there are that reach this goal
When dreams come true, and heaven seems here—
While others grope, yet hug the thought
That some day soon their skies will clear.

And then, one day, the bell is tolled
When life ebbs out, and hearts are stilled.
And who can say, souls have not found
Their dreamed-of day, with hopes fulfilled?

—CORA SMITH GOULD

THE LAST TRIUMPH

Ontario, Ontario, I fear me for thy child;
For Man his mighty hand has laid upon her tresses wild.
She wrestled him with foaming thews to stay his raping
shock;

But like Andromeda she's chained fast to a somber rock
He made her wed obscurely a chimera in a cave:
A dynamo, an octopus her beauty bright he gave.
She who was fit to mate the skies, the thunder, and the sun,—
To immemorial freedom born, to bondage has been won!
Niagara, Niagara, proud princess of the air,
Is now the pliant mistress of a monster in a lair.

And thou, deep vault of heaven far, the sapphire throne of
God,

The mind of Man toward thee has turned a comprehending
nod:

He mounts the storm; he climbs the clouds; the dizzy void he
gains,

To jest among the rainbows and to romp through radiant
rains.

He steals a kiss from sleeping Dawn. Beyond the sunset bars
He holds a tryst with Hesper in the country of the stars;—
Serene along the thunder rides; he startles systems old;
He'll rob the moon of silver, and the sunrise of its gold;
Among the Pleiades he plays, and on the sky's blue sward,—
Makes Hell's last gulf his highway, and the stars his boulevard.

Columbus in his caravels the great seas' measure took;
But what to him was ocean broad is but the brawling brook
Between the Jersey meadows and Tintagil's ruin fair . . .
O masterly, O arrogant, imperious to declare
Your steep ascendancy, O Man! Inexorably brave,
Launching your metal mountains on the wild and wandering
wave;

Upon that heaving bosom whence Astarte once arose,
Your behemoths you negligently, valiantly impose;
While to that green dim netherland beneath the lonely foam
Intrepidly, audaciously, commandingly you come!

O ancient Nile! O magic Nile! O mystic river old!
The mind of Man is bidding thee gray secrets to unfold:
The sepulchres of Nilish kings that mountain stood upon
Are rushed to garnish light at last beneath an alien sun;
For all that Man has buried deep, and all that God concealed,
Shall by a man be hunted down, and to the world revealed.
With panoply and blazonry and glittering sad array
Forth from their tombs the Pharaohs march into satiric day:
Obscured by silent centuries, asleep, they now awake;
And the Sphinx begins to tremble, and the Pyramids to quake.

Whose voice is on the vibrant air,—celestial casual talk,—
Now Auckland chats with Albany, Calcutta with New York?
Who through the dead Sahara leads the living sea afar,

Till down the desert commerce rides to dim Arabia?
Who brings in tropic Panama the Jungle to his knees,—
Divorcing mighty continents, and wedding mighty seas?
Invader of the inviolate, reducer of the strong,
Diviner of dread mysteries, singing his triumph song,
The Tyrant comes! Cliffs crumble, and the outflanked forest
reels;
The tempest takes the tether, and to tacit labor yields.

In long array, in solemn ranks, in splendor trooping dumb,
Behold gigantic gallant powers, the quelled and conquered
come;
Behold subjected oceans vast and vanquished lordly tides,
Tamed lightnings led submissive home like captive haughty
brides;
Resplendent rivers shackled fast in bonds none shall release;
Tall cataracts that signed a truce, proud hills that sued for
peace.
The bridles round their heads are bound; they quiver 'neath
the reins;
All nature in barbaric pomp, close-leashed and brought in
chains . . .
The mountains march to music, and the sea in harness bright;
And even Death's beleaguered in his hold in ancient Night.

But O brave binder of the winds, brusque beckoner to the
sun,—
In every close encounter drear, remorseless champion!
Thou hast unhorsed the hurricane and solved the chasmed
skies,
Surmounting and prevailing and victorious and wise;
Discoverer of God's designs, relentless, unappalled,
Tremendous Tamer of the world,—one giant goes unthralled:
Dear Gladiator, grimly proved, by gorgeous conquests
crowned,
Forger of fetters for the earth,—behold, thyself art bound!
Thy flaming, restless-ranging heart,—does it obey thy will?
O conqueror of conquerors,—thy spirit canst thou still?

—ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

FAILURE

His clerks who watched with surreptitious eyes
Wondered what mighty, ruthless enterprise
He pondered, brooding there. They could not know
He watched above the roofs the smoke-drifts blow
From ships in readiness for long pursuit
Of distant, dim horizons, gathering loot
From glowing, strident ports; and memory stirred
To life in him an eager boy who heard
In hungering heart the loud, insistent call
Of ships and sea, and longed to know the fall
And rise of plunging decks beneath his sure,
Accustomed feet; a boy who knew the lure
Of wharfs, and sniffed the spicy, pungent air,
And heard strange, gibbering tongues, and winged his
prayer
For speedy dawn of that unfettered day
When he might sail upon his questing way.

Now all his millions gained could not redeem
The loss of one adventurous, shining dream.

—ANNE ABBOT DOVER

GIANT STEPS

I

Steels in eccentrics and in circles roll,
Fret rhythmically with quick monotonous jerk;
Let swift dangers coil in shadows, lurk,
Feel forth with fingers, seize tear giants whole,
Real back, like snakes, with their gigantic toll.
“Get on, Machines!” More giants go to work,
Threat no more quitting, labor in hot murk,
Zeal gone to hold aloof a blasted soul.
Men were proud of their giant frames concealing
Rods and cones, pinions and gears, worked hard

To weld flesh to the rat-rat of Machines.
Not quite succeeded. Now the all-revealing
Sun shows how egocentric giants jarred
Lose to themselves and stepped to happier scenes.

II

With body bent to vice, curved like spring steel,
A giant trembled and the silent air
Vibrated with his song. With hands that care
For Earth he files in love his shining wheel
Of joy! Great factories are closed, the seal
Of God is on them. Now, with such a pair
Of hands, he'll shape a cog, an axle rare,
And build machines whose hearts and bodies kneel.
To-day the work-bent man has time for song.
Tune in the crooning of the diamond drill
He's using. Time for reading. In his veins
Earth ships are sailing. Airplanes dip in long
Salutes of praise. He's thinking now, "How still
Machines can be—like trees before the rains."

III

THAT OTHER WORLD

The psychic sound trail when sharp eyed bats fly
Almost catching themselves alive returning
From some split second world; the stars' own sigh
At twilight knowledge peeking, eager, learning
Night, nor neglecting day; trees in sullen gold
Without power over brother leaves in shade;
The quiet of a pirate boy, once bold,
Now watching bats that whirl into his glade,
Are lightning flashes opening the mind
Where sense is dumb and crying for release!
They tell of Time Things. In Man another Earth
Is rolling round the sun, lone, undefined—
A world for bats and stars and boys who cease
Themselves and find beyond a quick rebirth.

—LEO WEST

GAUGUIN

Below the surface,
Sure as destinies are sure,
A way of life was forming
Even in those early years.
He knew that he was dead
Though others saw Paul Gauguin
Going to his work,
Returning to his family.
Deep-buried in his consciousness,
Unknown, there was a need of tropic nights,
Seas, warm as summer, breaking on black reefs,
All the sweet laziness of long, hot days.
Perhaps one night he dreamed a tapestry
Of brilliant skies and vivid fruits and flowers,
Bright birds perched in the branches of strange
trees;
And ever weaving through the scene he glimpsed
Brown breasts like burnished copper in the sun
And swaying hips bound with gay cloths.
Then in the morning he arose,
Knowing that he must go.

—LOUISE DARCY

“DIG THE GRAVE DEEPER”

Dig the grave deeper,
Turn up the sod
For this new sleeper,
A child of God
Returned to his Keeper.

Land and the outdoors
Held him captive
To ploughing and chores,
Kept him active
Gathering stores

And wood for the winter.
Dawn or sunset,
The ripple of water:
He saw them not,
Only silo or rafter.

Abundant beauty
Went unattested.
This, the booty
From life he wrested:
Fulfillment of duty.

—LOUISE DARCY

SONG OF A RIVER NYMPH

O river,
river of silver,
O silver reeds,
shall I never love
but flowers . . .
the white point of crocuses?
reeds by the water
that sing a silver song,
shall I never
press but purple
clusters of dark grapes—
dripping with juice—
press grapes to my lips?

O fir tree
of amber tears,
shall my head
press nothing but
fragrant pine needles?
Will my eyes
be blinded only
by the beauty of
white dew on
white lilies of Melos?

O Aphrodite,
I have gathered
citron, amber citron,
clusters of dripping grapes,
and a jar of honey
the sweetest . . .

I cry:
bring me love,
give me beauty,
while I weave
circlet of camellias
(the whitest on Delos).

—LORNA LISA KLEEN

SEA GHOULS

A squatter's hut
Of spars and driftwood,
Combed from the beach,
Crouches
On the shingle,
Black and weathered
In the wind.

Smooth boulders,
Under the sea,
At ebb tide
Uplift
Gorilla heads
Wreathed in laughter
As white waves
Break on their lips.

And the squatter,
Black and weathered,
Hand in beard,
Waiting,
Watching the sea,
Breathes deeply
As the wrecked ship
Splinters on a rock.

—JOHN LEE HIGGINS

ANACHRONISM

Winter sowed
too late for bounty
 no whited hummocks
 bric a brac of trees nor
crash! when violent winds
 shatter the pattern
 bending the night's shoulders

in a curve the sky
tumbles
whack go the limbs and
one piercing star
bites cold.

instead:

 a slow surprise of frazzled earth
 mudscrapes on last year's mat
 a flurried cloudsmoke from the south

pale pathetic april
astray in january
 tepid air
 the brittle cheep of birds
 too soon awakened
 in a brownwash world
 insipid premature of winter
 sowed too late and spring
 too soon.

—JEROME CUTTING

SEPTEMBER NIGHTFALL

A magic thief might steal the very soul
Of England: it lies on faintly russet oaks
And pale shorn meadows; delicately strokes
Young haystacks lifting soft a Saxon poll

Through rambling farmsteads; broods about the heaven
Combed downward like gray fleeces, hinting rain
After the royal summer; calms the lane
To certitude of benison to be given,

Though every lolling tongue of leaf be dry;
Soothes oxen bellowing to a dusky moon, and cows
That wait familiar footsteps from the house,
All jet and silver by a line of sky;

Lets horses, glossy-flanked now harvest's carted,
Gallop to field, delighted to a mate,
And smiles at ducks that homeward file in state
With quaint instinctive sense that day's departed. . . .

A final clamor of scattering corn, a shuffle
Of wings that settle, a click of gate or pen,
A last wheel's trundling, a last call of men,
Then darkness universal no cries ruffle.

O this is England: through this very peace
Langland and Chaucer, and Sir Galahad, pale
With seeking an undiscoverable Grail,
Went home, and found in simple things release.

And soon, so soon comes Night, there is no wave
I would not wander, art I would not dare
With powers of earth or demons of the air—
There is no terror that I would not brave,

All heavens forgotten, so at last I found
Beyond the tremulous verge of day's surmise,
Where all the noise of all the ages dies,
Some ageless Merlin of enchanting sound

To fix immortally this wash of cloud
Above its homes and herds forever mine!
This all of havens men have dreamed divine,
This all the Avilion I would be allowed.

—GEOFFREY JOHNSON

LOVE SONG

A helium-crust from the pot of the sun
Where the sharpest cressets of light are spun . . .
A bit of silver that's kept for the moon
At the end of the month when her credit's gone.

There's where the bucket of gold is filled
That weighs the rainbow down to the world;
There is the stuff, millennium-whirled
That will shape the planets where it is spilled.

The gods of all ages have formed their seers
From this quintessence—the cherubim
And the great that cater to no man's whim.
What wonder we look on its loss with tears?

—ANITA FAY PEARCE

ROLL CALL

*(As the instructor speaks the names of those in his class, the following
impressions flash through his mind.)*

1

I like your eager little nod;
Such rapt attention makes me vain.
You're pretty, sweet—I would to God
You had a brain!

2

Your bulk and stupid eyes upbraid
Me for my talk of poet's dream;
To hell with Keats, who never made
A football team!

3

You're disillusioned: love's a song,
And life's a prison for the bored.
But in your heart you really long
To be adored.

4

You're in your twenty-seventh year;
 So half with scorn and half with yearning
 You eye the happy youngsters here
 Who play at learning.

5

"Your paper disappointed me;
 It's much the worst you've done this spring."
 You raised your hand to let me see
 The diamond ring.

6

You meant to finish Princeton, not
 A western college—damn the drought!
 So now you mope and wonder what
 It's all about.

7

I've seen you squirming in your chair,
 So nervous were you then—and young.
 But now I dread your saucy stare,
 Your candid tongue.

8

You hit the line; you skirt the ends;
 You're agile, brainy, fast as light!
 I wonder if you show your friends
 The verse you write.

9

Your quiet face, your fine repose
 Hide the romance alive in you.
 I wonder if your husband knows
 That I know, too.

10

I marvel at the stubborn pride
 That makes you sit here now and write,

When *she* attempted suicide
The other night.

11

For one with such a noted name
You've been a disappointing chap;
I guess you find a father's fame
A handicap.

12

You smile at me with eyes that shine;
In conference you sit too near.
I think I'll keep this desk of mine
Between us, dear.

—WILLIAM R. PARKER

SONNET

At the last end eternally, I know
Beyond the barriers of scorn and fear,
And little languid days that fill a year,
When I may gather up my joy and woe,
And unkempt idols; finally I'll go
To some still place past dreaming or desire
Where I may light a last relentless fire
And bury my old shames within its glow.

There shall be nothing left of fact or fate
But your forgotten presence shall atone,
My vain inconstancies, and in this state—
A flimsy shadow by an empty throne,
Prayer shall return to me, and I shall wait
Most whimsically—wistfully—alone.

—ELIZABETH HARDEN

PASTURE ON PARNASSUS

By ROBERT ENGLAND

It used to be said, years ago, that young, unknown poets could never get their work published. Today no such state of affairs exists, for there are several concerns that will publish, under certain conditions, the offshoots of any mind, young or old. What these conditions are is beyond our province at the moment.

Henry Harrison, New York publisher, releases on an overflowed market a gang of pot-boiler anthologies, each a more or less indiscriminate hodge-podge. The most notable, from the point of view of bulk, is *California Poets*, with a foreword by Helen Hoyt. The fact that eleven California anthologies had already appeared did not deter the hardy Mr. Harrison, for he gets busy and throws together the granddaddy of them all, 768 pages of print for \$3.00. There is a most imposing table of contents that contains the names of 244 poets, headed in name at least by Robinson Jeffers. If the book has any claim to being a definitive volume, that claim is based, certainly, upon its size. The California poetry market must have been cornered to produce so much material: there are more than five hundred individual pieces of poetry.

Gathered from the opposite side of the country, *District of Columbia Poets* (\$2.00) appears, a modest little blue volume inside a pale yellow dust jacket. It is deserving of more attention, for it contains some really good work. Among the poets represented are John Lee Higgins, Solon R. Barber, Edith Mirick, Joseph Upper—all of whom have appeared in *Bozart*—Herman Hagedorn, and twenty-seven others. There is some quietly and unostentatiously good verse here, verse that is a pleasure to read, for it bears the hallmark of authenticity of concept and execution. One feels that the house of Harrison, with a little more effort and some use of its evident critical ability, can produce a really significant anthology. Other of their collections are *The Second Florida Poets* (\$2.00), *Washington Poets* (\$2.00), and *Silk of the Corn* (\$1.50), the last from the Iowa Federation of Women's Clubs.

The Paebar Company, of New York, sends five slim volumes, the most important of which is Stanton A. Coblentz's *The Enduring Flame*, a sequence of forty sonnets. It would be trite but none the less accurate and truthful to say that some are poor, some effective, and others merely neutral in totality of impression. But Mr. Coblentz can always be relied upon to turn out good workmanlike poetry, and his figures are often interestingly original. The best thing that can be said for him is that he does not write pretty verse, and he does not

strain after effects for the sake of novelty. There is to be found a meatiness that a mind with the power of thought can chew upon.

Changing Horizons (The Daniel Company, London) is a most enjoyable little book. There are eighty pages of verse that has appeared in *The Yale Review*, *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, *Bozart*, *Harper's*, *Country Life*, and a dozen equally well-known periodicals in England and America. None of them is longer than a page and a half, and they are all eminently readable. There is in Mr. Geoffrey Johnson's work a trace of the spirit of Rupert Brooke, though it is quieter poetry. Mr. Johnson holds a distinct advantage over most poets in that he always has something to say and unquestionably the ability and the means of saying it well. There is a quality of quiet though not soft or feminine clear-sightedness, the evidence of a sensitive, strongly masculine appreciation that seems to be thoroughly English.

Ernest Hartsock Memorial Award

"In memory of Ernest Hartsock, donated by Cora Smith Gould—a \$25.00 prize for the best poem in each issue of *Bozart and Contemporary Verse*." The Ernest Hartsock Memorial Award is hereby made to Harold Vinal for his poem *Lost Goddess* and to Hope Ridings for her *Satisfaction*, which appeared in the November-December issue of 1932.